

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Nelson Highways Department. 1960s and 1970s Cecil Ward was the Nelson council Charles Street road roller driver. A little disabled man he had a deformed spine. A funny little chap always up for a joke. Liked his pint of beer at night When he was not driving the roller he worked as a labour.

Cecil Ward was a fixture in the Nelson Highways Department throughout the swinging sixties and the groovy seventies. A diminutive figure with a crooked spine, Cecil was as tough as the very asphalt he smoothed. His spirit was unyielding, his determination unbreakable.

Every morning, Cecil would climb into his trusty road roller, a machine that seemed larger than life itself when compared to its jolly driver. Charles Street, with its twists and turns, hills and valleys, held no secrets for Cecil. He knew every bump, crack, and crevice, and he navigated them all with the finesse of a master craftsman.

But Cecil was more than just a skilled roller driver. When the roller was parked, he transformed into a diligent laborer. His hands, though calloused and weathered, moved with precision and purpose. He toiled alongside his colleagues, their camaraderie forged through sweat and shared stories.

Despite the challenges that life had dealt him, Cecil never lost his sense of humor. He was a quick-witted fellow, always ready with a joke or a clever quip to lighten the mood. Laughter seemed to dance around him like a faithful companion, a testament to his indomitable spirit. In the evening, after a day of hard work, Cecil would retire to his favorite local pub. There, amidst the clinking of glasses and the hum of conversations, he would enjoy his well-deserved pint of beer. The amber liquid was a balm for his tired muscles and a salve for his soul.

The regulars at the pub grew fond of Cecil, and he became a cherished figure in the community. His infectious laughter and unyielding work ethic left an indelible mark on the hearts of those who had the privilege of knowing him.

As the years rolled by, Cecil became a living legend in the Nelson Highways Department. His name was synonymous with dedication, his legacy etched in the very roads he helped build. He was proof that strength wasn't solely measured in muscle, but in the tenacity of the human spirit. One could say that Cecil Ward was more than a road roller driver and laborer; he was an embodiment of resilience, an example of how laughter could be a beacon even in the face of adversity. And though he may have been a little disabled in body, his spirit soared high, leaving an indelible mark on the town of Nelson, a mark that would be remembered for generations to come.

By Donald Jay